

PARROT & CO.

By Harold MacGrath.

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"Yes, I've seen life," dully.

"Orient, mostly, I suppose. Your letter about the strike in oil was mighty interesting. Heap of money over there, if they'd only let us smart chaps in to dig it up. Now, old man, I want you to wipe the slate clear of these ten years. We'll call it a bad dream. What are your plans for the future?"

"Plans?" Warrington looked up blankly. He realized that he had made no plans for the future.

"Yes. What do you intend to do? A man like you wasn't made for idleness. Look here, Paul; I'm not going to beat about the bush. We've got a whopping big contract from the Chinese government, and we need a man to take charge, a man who knows and understands something of the yellow people. How about a salary of ten thousand a year for two years, to begin in October?"

Warrington twisted the check. Work, rehabilitation.

"Could you trust me?" he asked quietly.

"With anything I have in the world. Understand, Paul, there's no philanthropic string to this offer. You're pulled through a devil of a hole. You're a man. I should not be holding down this chair if I couldn't tell a man at a glance. We were together two months in Peru. I'm familiar with your work. Do you want to know whose portrait that is up there? Well, it's General Chetwood's, the founder of this concern, the silent partner. The man who knew kings and potentates and told 'em that they needed bridges in their back yards. This building belongs to his daughter. She converted her stock into granite. About a month ago I received a letter from her. It directly concerned you. It seems she learned through the consul general at Singapore that you had worked with us. She's like her father, a mighty keen judge of human nature. Frankly, this offer comes through her advice. To satisfy yourself, you can give us a surety bond for

fifty thousand. It's not obligatory, however."

Elsa Chetwood. She had her father's eyes, and it was this which had drawn his gaze to the portrait. Chetwood; and he had. What irony! Ten years wasted for nothing! Warrington laughed aloud. A weakness seized him, like that of a man long gone hungry.

"Buck up, Paul," warned the good Samaritan. "All this kind of knocks the wind out of you. I know. But what I've offered you is in good faith. Will you take it?"

"Yes," simply.

"That's the way to talk. Supposing you go out to lunch with me? We'll talk it over like old times."

"No. I haven't seen . . ."

"To be sure! I forgot. Do you know where they live, your mother and brother?"

"No. I expected to ask you."

The vice-president scribbled down the address. "I believe you'll find them both there, though Arthur, I understand, is almost as great a traveler as you are. Of course you want to see them, you poor beggar! The Southwestern will pull you almost up to the door. After the reunion, you hike back here, and we'll get down to the meat of the business."

"John," said Warrington, hesitantly, "you're a man."

"Oh, piffle! It's not all John. The old man left word that if you ever turned up again to hang on to you. You were valuable. And there's Miss Chetwood. If you want to thank anybody, thank her." Warrington missed the searching glance, which was not without its touch of envy. "You'd better be off. Hustle back as soon as you can." Elmore offered his hand now. "Gad! but you haven't lost any of your old grip."

"I'm a bit dazed. The last six months have loosened up my nerves."

"Nobody's made of iron."

"I'd sound hollow if I tried to say what I feel. I'll be back a week from today."

"I'll look for you."

As the door closed behind Warrington, the young millionaire sat down, scowling at a cubby hole in his desk.

He presently took out a letter postmarked Yokohama. He turned it about in his hands, musingly. Without reading it (for he knew its contents well), he thrust it back into the cubby hole. Women were out of his sphere. He could build a bridge within a dollar of the bid; but he knew nothing about women beyond the fact that they were always desirable.

A few monosyllables, a sentence or two, and then, good day. The average man would have recounted every incident of note during those ten years. He did not admire Warrington any the less for his reticence. It took a strong man to hold himself together under all these blows from the big end of fortune's horn.

Paul was a born engineer; Arthur had entered the office as a makeshift. Paul had taken eight thousand one day, and decamped. Arthur had refunded the sum, and disappeared. Elmore could not understand, nor could his father. Perhaps some of the truth would now come to light. Somehow, Paul, with his blond beard and blonder head, his bright eyes, his tan, his big shoulders, somehow Paul was out of date. He did not belong to the times.

And Elsa had met him over there; practically ordered (though she had no authority) that he should be given a start anew; that, moreover, she would go his bond to any amount. Funny old world! Well, he was glad. Paul was a man, a big man, and that was the sort needed in the foreign bridge building. He rolled down the top of his desk and left the building. He was in no mood for work.

The evening of the third day found Warrington in the baggage car, feeding a dilapidated feather-molting bird, who was in a most scandalous temper. Rajah scattered the seeds about, spurned the banana-clip, tilted the water cup and swashbuckled generally. By and by, above the clack-clack of wheels and rails, came a crooning song. The baggage man looked up from his waybook and lowered his pipe. He saw the little green bird pause and begin to keep time with its head. It was the Urdu lullaby James used to sing. It never failed to quiet the little parrot. Warrington went

back to his Pullman, where the porter greeted him with the information that the next stop would be his. Ten minutes later he stepped from the train, a small kitbag in one hand and the parrot cage in the other.

He had come prepared for mistake on the part of the natives. The single smart cabman lifted his hat, jumped down from the box, and opened the door. Warrington entered without speaking. The door closed, and the coupe rolled away briskly. He was perfectly sure of his destination. The cabman had mistaken him for Arthur. It would be better so. There would be no after complications when he departed on the morrow. As the coupe took a turn, he looked out of the window. They were entering a driveway, lined on each side of which were chestnuts. Indeed the house was set in the center of a grove of these splendid trees.

Warrington went up the broad veranda steps and pulled the old-fashioned bell cord. He was rather amazed at his utter lack of agitation. He was as calm as if he were making a call upon a casual acquaintance. His mother and brother, whom he had not seen in ten years! The great oak door drew in, and he entered unceremoniously.

"Why, Marse A'thuh, I didn't see you go out!" exclaimed the old negro servant.

"I am not Arthur; I am his brother Paul. Which door?"

Pop-eyed, the old negro pointed to a door down the hall. Then he leaned against the banister and caught desperately at the spindle. For the voice was not Arthur's.

Warrington opened the door, closed it gently and stood with his back to it. At a desk in the middle of the room sat a man, busy with books. He raised his head.

"Arthur, don't you know me?"

"Paul?"

The chair overturned; some books thudded dully upon the rug. Arthur leaned with his hands tense upon the desk. Paul sustained the look, his eyes sad and his face pale and grave.

(To Be Continued.)

WESTFIELD

O. P. Wright is building a new veranda to his house.

Freeman Parker, the blacksmith, has closed his shop and left town.

Miss Viola La Roche of Bakersfield is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Burbridge.

Charles Fish and family of Providence, R.I., have been visiting in town.

Captain Pattee of Montpelier recently visited his aunt, Mrs. E. H. Hitchcock.

James Martin is raising his house preparatory to making extensive repairs.

Carroll Hitchcock and Mrs. Clifford of Albany were in town the first of the week.

The village schoolhouse is being raised so that a furnace may be installed.

The Rev. F. B. Hyde and family of Jeffersonville are spending their vacation in town.

Miss Ruby Bell, who is visiting at the home of her uncle, W. D. Bell, has sprained her arm.

The town is putting in a new iron bridge where the road crosses the river at the Bryant farm.

A FAIR YOU WILL LIKE

THE

ORLEANS COUNTY FAIR

At Splendid Roaring Brook Park
BARTON, VERMONT

TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY and FRIDAY

August 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 1915

Special Trains will leave St. Johnsbury on Wednesday and Thursday at 8.05 A. M., stopping at all way stations. A train will also run from North Troy on Thursday at 8.05 A. M., stopping at Centre and Newport. All trains will return after the races.

\$6,000 IN Premiums, Purses and Attractions \$6,000

Orleans County is a Leader agriculturally and the Orleans County Fair is a Leader. Everything for your amusement, entertainment and comfort.

Tuesday is "Preparation Day." Exhibits are received and judged on Tuesday but no attractions are put on. Wednesday, Thursday and Friday will be three big public days with free stage attractions, baseball games, band concerts, races, cavalcade of premium stock, etc. On Wednesday there will be a baby show.

Friday is not merely a "race day" but one of these big days with all the attractions, premium stock, etc., on exhibition.

A place to auto to—and you ought to, too

Ball Games, 10 o'clock a. m. daily
Cavalcade of Premium Stock, 1.00 "
Racing starts at 1.30 "
Band Concerts and Stage Attractions

Admission [35 cents

Children under 12, 15c

Teams 35c Autos 35c

Checks from grounds given after 11 a. m. each day.

Parking for teams 25c, autos 50c.

SPECIAL TRAINS—See Railroad Advertising.

C. E. HAMBLET
SECRETARY

Engraved Cards
Business and Social
Wedding Stationery
Card Showing
STYLES and PRICES
Willingly Furnished

FARMS FOR SALE

No. 1077—Farm of 220 acres, splendid location, with 50,000 ft. softwood timber and 100,000 ft. of hardwood timber. Comfortable buildings, sugar orchard of 1800 trees, 700 rigged with 440 wood and 260 galvanized buckets. Good sugar house, 24x24, Monarch evaporator and arch, plenty of storage. Farm is situated 3 miles to railroad village which is also nearest village, and 1 mile to school. Near neighbors and telephone. 50 good fruit trees. Tillage is dark loam, smooth, little rolling, free from stone. All machine work, will winter 25 to 30 head and pasture for 35 to 40 head, watered by springs. Good wire fences. Good 1½ story house, with ell, 30x24, 6 rooms, pantry and hall on first floor. Cabinet kitchen with hardwood floor, 4 rooms, 2 closets and big hall on second floor. Stock barn, 70x32, arranged for 22 head and 3 horse stalls, silo, 16x16x20, doubleboarded, fair repair. Another barn, 50x32, arranged for 13 head, also shed for sheep. There are 11 cows, 2 year-old heifers, 2 yearlings, 1 2-year-old bull, 10 calves, 11 sheep, 2 good horses, 1 hog and 19 hens, 1 mowing machine, 1 horse rake, 1 plow, 1 wheel, spring-tooth and smoothing harrow, 1 cultivator, 1 corn planter, 1 hay fork, 1 tedder, 1 separator, and all small tools in good condition. 1 open buggy, 1 surrey, 1 double wagon, 1 horse wagon, 1 double work sled, 1 pung, 1 cutter sleigh, 2 work harnesses, 1 Hame driving harness and 1 light driving harness. Price \$5,000.

C. J. OBEN & CO.

Dealers in Real Estate of all Descriptions

NEWPORT,

VERMONT

SHOES AT REDUCED PRICES

Beginning Friday, August 13 and
Ending Saturday, August 21st

We shall sell all our Oxfords and Pumps, for Men, Women and Children, at reduced prices. If you need shoes you can't afford to miss the opportunity we are offering you at this sale. A saving for you of from 15% to 40%.

ORLEANS SHOE STORE	Men's Oxfords in Button or Lace, all leathers and all styles.		ORLEANS SHOE STORE
	4.50 grade now	\$3.45	
	4.00 " "	3.15	
	3.50 " "	2.75	
	3.00 " "	2.45	
	2.75 " "	2.15	
	A few pair Men's High Shoes in Patent Leather and Tan, button or lace.		
	5.00 grade, 4.50 grade and 4.00 grade, all to go	3.00	
	If you can find your size this is a rare bargain.		
	Special lot Men's Onyx Hose, all colors, regular 25c goods	19c	
	Other bargains in Men's Hose at 3 for 25c, 2 for 25c, and up to 50c per pair.		
	All 10c Shoe Dressings 8c.		
	25c Shoe Dressings 19c.		
	20 pair Ladies' "La France" Pumps and Oxfords, regular \$3.50 values, all to close at 2.49		
	"La France" stands for all that is best in style, fit and wearing qualities.		
	All ladies' 3.00 low shoes 2.39		
	" " 2.50 " " 1.95		
	" " 2.00 " " 1.65		
	" " 1.75 " " 1.35		
	" " 1.50 " " 1.25		
	" " 1.25 " " 1.05		
	This means our full line of low shoes in black, tan or white. In all styles, button, lace, colonial pumps, strap pumps and regular pumps.		
	Misses', Boys' and Childrens' Oxfords, Pumps, Play Shoes and Barefoot Sandals at 20% Discount		
	All Tennis Shoes 10% Discount		

We have many more good trades for you that are not listed here. Come in and look them over.

Orleans Shoe Store

Both Phones

ORLEANS, VT.